

THE LITERARY DIGEST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV.

NEW YORK, WICKHAM & CO.,
No. 730 Broadway Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1876.

50 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
FIVE CENTS A COPY.

No. 32.

THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY ISABELLA PARKER.

To the green primeval forests across the western waste,
Opposition drove a slender band of true hearts strong and brave;
They could not think as others thought, nor feel as others felt.
Nor over the royal edict to kneel where others knelt,
But they had heard of shores afar by priestly feet untold.
So they sought that land for conscience's sake—their guiding star, their God!
No gallant bark was theirs to steer, only a time-worn boat.
With stores as small as seamanship—and yet she kept afloat.
For Faith and Hope were at the helm amid the tempest's roar.
But none was doubtful; Faith was numb, but pressed their feeble feet.
Where children faint, and women pale, first pressed their feeble feet.
And stretched out hungry hands to clasp their last few grains of wheat.
Five grains of wheat—say, think of it!—were all for each thin hand.
When the Mayflower had sailed her last, and brought her freight to land,
But for utter and pitiful unbelief, a once the world rang.
With the anthems of thanksgiving those grateful pilgrims sang.
Kneeling, and with hands to shelter, or fruits, their parched lips pressed.
They had touched the land of promise, and left to God the rest.
And they, who from cathedral aisles had fed in her and her sons.
In a grander God-built temple could worship, and there,
Beneath the interlacing boughs like arches overhead,
Where verdure of a virgin turf a silent carpet spread,
And stately a pilared shaft uprose on tall tree-buds,
With the sun-rays God's bright fingers—glorify the whole.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. WYNE'S HOME.

The house was ugly and old-fashioned, with some added modern improvements, and was surrounded by a really beautiful garden. Though situated close upon a large market town of Northamptonshire, it stood alone, secluded from the noise and bustle of the great railway journey from London; by express train not much more than half an hour. Here, he and his wife had lived since, Sir Joseph growing more and more an invalid as the years went on. They had no children, consequently his brother, Captain Wynne, was heir to the baronetcy, and following on Captain Wynne, Adam his eldest son. Captain Wynne did not live to succeed. In what seemed the prime of his health and strength, just after he had landed from a three years' voyage, and was indulging in ambitious visions of a flag, symptoms of a mortal disease manifested themselves. He begged of his physicians to let him know the truth, and they complied—he must expect but a few weeks more of life. Captain Wynne, after taking a day or two to look matters fully in the face, went up to London, and thence down to Sir Joseph's house in Kent. The brothers, once face to face, met as though no ill-blood had ever separated them; hands were locked in handshake, each lay in subjective—not a word was said to grieve. Both were simple-minded, earnest-hearted, affectionate men; and but for their wives, to whom, if the truth must be avowed, each lay in subjective—not a word was said to grieve. Both were simple-minded, earnest-hearted, affectionate men; and but for their wives, to whom, if the truth must be avowed, each lay in subjective—not a word was said to grieve. Both were simple-minded, earnest-hearted, affectionate men; and but for their wives, to whom, if the truth must be avowed, each lay in subjective—not a word was said to grieve.



AS HE ENTERED THE DOOR HE SAW ENOUGH TO CONFIRM THE SUSPICIONS THAT MISS BLAKE HAD AROUSED IN HIM.

up to see either his brain or his hands." "It's that I've argued over and over again. But the wife—you know what she is—she set her face against it. 'He'll be Sir Adam Wynne, of Foxwood,' she'd answer me with; 'and he shall not soil his hands with work.' I have been nearly always afraid, too, Joseph, not on the spot to enforce things; but in a low wild degree than Mrs. Wynne. "I wonder the young man should not have put himself forward to be of use in the world!" "Adam is fully inclined, I fear. One thing has been against him, and that's his health. He's as tall and strong a young fellow to look at, as you'd meet in a summer's day, but he is anything but sound in constitution. A nice fellow, too, Joseph."

"Of good disposition?" "Very. We had used to be almost afraid of him as a boy—he would put himself into such unaccountable fits of passion. Just as—somebody else used to do, you know, Joseph," added the sister, with some hesitation. Sir Joseph nodded. The somebody else was the captain's wife, and Adam's mother. Sir Joseph's own wife was not exempt from the same kind of falling, but in a low wild degree than Mrs. Wynne. "But Adam seems to have outgrown all that. I've seen and heard nothing of it since he came to manhood," resumed the captain. "I wish from my heart, he had some profession to occupy him. His mother always filled him up with the notion that he would be your heir and not want it."

"He'll be my heir, in all senses, safe enough. Harry, though I'd rather have heard that he was given to industry than idleness. How does he get through his time? Young men naturally seek some pursuit as an outlet for their superfluous activity." "Adam has a pursuit that he makes a hobby of, and that is his love of flowers—in fact, his love of gardening in any shape. He'll be out amidst the plants and shrubs from sunrise to sunset. Trained to it, he'd have made a second Sir Joseph Paxton. I should like you to see him; he is very handsome."

"And the young one—what is he like? What's his name, by the way?" "No, Karl." "Karl?" repeated Sir Joseph, in surprise, as if questioning whether he heard aright. "Ay, Karl. His mother was in Germany when he was born, it being a cheap place to live in—I was only a poor lieutenant then, Joseph, and just gone off to be stationed beyond the West Indies. A great friend of hers there, some German lady, had a little boy named Karl. My wife felt in love with the name, and called her own after it." "Well, it sounds an outlandish name to me," cried the baronet, who was entirely unacquainted with every language but his own. "So I thought, when she first sent me word," assented Captain Wynne. "But after I came home and got used to call the lad by it, you don't know how I grew to like it. The name gave upon you in favor in a powerful manner, Joseph, and I have heard other people say the same. It is Charles in English, you know."

The man went across the garden and through the wilderness of shrubs. There stood his master at an open gate, talking to a very pretty girl with bright hair and rosy cheeks. "My mistress wishes to see you, Mr. Adam," Adam Wynne turned round, a defiant expression on his haughty face, as if he did not like the interruption. He was a very fine man, of some three-and-thirty years, tall and broad-shouldered, with his mother's cast of proud and handsome features, her fresh complexion, and her black hair. His eyes were dark grey, deeply-set in the head, and rarely beautiful. His teeth also were remarkably good; white, even, and prominent; and he showed them very much. "Tell my mother I'll come directly, Hewitt." Hewitt went back with the message. The young lady, who had turned to one of her own flower-beds, for the garden joined, was bending over some budding tulips. "I think they will be out next week, Mr. Wynne," she looked round to say. "Never mind the tulips," he answered after a pause, during which he had leaned on the iron railings, looking dark and haughty. "I want to hear more about this. How, come here?" The house to which this other garden belonged was a humble, unpretentious dwelling, three parts cottage, one part villa. A Mr. Turner lived in it with his wife and niece. The former was a good retail business in the town—a grocer—and he and his wife were as humble and unpretentious as their dwelling. The niece, Rose, was a different. Her father had been a lawyer in small local practice, and at his death Rose—her mother also dead—was taken by her uncle and aunt, who loved both her and her children dearly, since then she had lived with them, and they educated her well. She was a good girl, and in the essential points of mind, manner, and appearance, a lady. But her position was of necessity a somewhat isolated one. With the tradespeople of the town Rose Turner did not care to mix; she felt that, however worthy, they were beneath her, and she was of a somewhat aristocratic nature. On the other hand, superior people would not associate with Miss Turner, or put so much as an inch of their shoes over the door sill of the grocer's house. At sixteen she had been sent to a finishing school; at eighteen she came back as pretty and as nice a girl as one of fashionable taste would wish to see. Years before, Adam and Karl Wynne had made friends with the little child; they continued to be intimate with her as brothers and sister. At twenty she had married Mr. Wynne, that Adam and Miss Turner were a good deal together; certainly more than they need be. Adam had even got to neglect his flowers, that he so much loved, and to waste his time talking to Rose. It cannot be said that Mrs. Wynne feared any real complication, any undesirable result of any kind; the great difference in their ages might have served to dispel the notion. Adam was thirty-three, Miss Turner only just out of her teens. But she was vexed with her son for being so frivolous and foolish; and although she did not acknowledge it to herself, a vague feeling of uneasiness in regard to it lay at the bottom of her heart. As to Adam, he kept his thoughts to himself. Whether this new propensity to waste his time in idle talk with Miss Turner arose out of mere pastime, or whether he entertained for her any warmer feeling, was his own secret entirely. Things—allowing for argument's sake that there was some love in the matter—were destined not to go on with uninterrupted smoothness. There is a proverb to that effect, you know. During the last few weeks a young medical student, named Martin Scott, had become enamored of Miss Turner. At first he had confined himself to silent admiration. Latterly, he had taken to speaking. Very free mannered, after the fashion of medical students of gentlemanly nature, he had twice snatched a kiss from her, and the young lady, smarting under the infliction of indignation, angry, had whispered the tale to Adam Wynne, and no sooner was it done, than she repented; for the hot fury that shone out of Mr. Wynne's face, startled her greatly. They were standing together again at the small iron gate ere the sound of Hewitt's footsteps had well died away. Rose's garden had been untidy, and she was playing with its strings. "Rose, I must know all, and I insist upon your telling me. Go on."



ELLA.

BY LINDSEY G. BARNETT.

CHAPTER III.

Altogether, poor Ella found that her path of life was at the time anything but a smooth or pleasant one. She tried to be good, to be obedient to her step-mother, and to be kind and obliging to her two step-sisters. She made almond cakes for Sophia Matilda, picked up the stitches which the Baroness dropped whenever she attempted to knit, and darned Jimma Anne's stockings, but for all these little services she received but scant thanks or courtesy, and whenever she happened to do the least thing wrong, she got terribly rebuffed. In short, she was not appreciated.

Now it is certainly a very hard thing not to be appreciated, to have all one's good qualities looked at, as it were, through the wrong end of a telescope, and all one's bad qualities put under a microscope.

Ella felt it to be very hard, and sometimes she was inclined to say to herself that it was no use at all trying to be good, since no one gave her any credit for it, and she might just as well give it up as a bad job, and be true, as naughty and tiresome and stupid as ever, yoddy said she was.

This was, of course, when she was really in a very naughty mood, for she was not so bad as she seemed, and when she was good or not. But at those times, when she was miserable and despairing, fretted and worried, as it seemed to her, beyond endurance, she would wander out into the woods and tell her troubles to her old companions, the birds. She had been very staunch in her friendship for them, and had faithfully kept her promise of loving them, but not having had, truth to tell, any strong temptation to do otherwise.

They need not have been jealous, and they knew, of course, that she was not really in a very naughty mood, for she was not so bad as she seemed, and when she was good or not. But at those times, when she was miserable and despairing, fretted and worried, as it seemed to her, beyond endurance, she would wander out into the woods and tell her troubles to her old companions, the birds. She had been very staunch in her friendship for them, and had faithfully kept her promise of loving them, but not having had, truth to tell, any strong temptation to do otherwise.

During the first winter after the arrival of the Baroness and her daughters at the castle, a new house, and her feathered friends yet more firmly together than before, and that was the life of a common person. One day, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, the Baroness found Ella at an open window surrounded by her pets, who were feeding out of her hand.

"What does all this mean?" asked the lady, angrily. "Do you want to give me my death of cold? Shut the window, child. Send all those creatures away!" Ella prepared to obey, so far as shutting the window went.

"Go out, my darlings," she said, "and I will come and feed you in the garden."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said the Baroness. "What are you giving them bread? I won't have such waste and extravagance. Where did you steal the bread from?"

"I didn't steal it," returned Ella, hotly. "I've always fed them ever since I can remember, and they would die all through the cold, hard winter if I didn't."

"Then let them die," said the Baroness, "nasty destructive things that eat the fruit. I shall have them all shot."

"Oh, my birds, my precious sweet birds!" cried the girl in an agony; "you surely would do that?"

"Well," said the Baroness, softening a little, "anyhow, I won't have the bread wasted on them. Your papa is always complaining of the money that's spent, and there's my dressmaker's bill yet to come in."

annual state of ferment and excitement. The Baroness and her daughters were closed together now and again for an hour at a time in deep conversation. The Baroness was more than usually amiable to her step-daughter. The brow of the Baron on the other hand looked dark. Traders were perpetually calling at the castle door and leaving their boxes and baskets of various shapes and sizes. The Baroness was continually making expeditions to the nearest market town.

At length the mystery was solved. There was to be a grand ball at a neighboring castle, which had long been unoccupied, but the owner had lately returned to it, and was about to celebrate the event by a series of merry-makings. Among other gay doings was to be a ball, the Prince Hymenaidor—being handsome, unmarried, and heir to all his father's vast domains—had promised to grace with his presence.

His father and his family had received an invitation also, so no wonder the ladies were excited. There is always found to be something extremely exhilarating in the atmosphere of royalty. Even the side view of a closely-shut carriage in which some royal person is reclining, or the whirling part of an express train which has the honor of conveying a crown-prince, or the gliding of a motor-car, may be one day, crowded ball, is enough to stir up thousands of people to enthusiasm.

But what are such poor enjoyments to the glory and delight of being asked to meet a royal highness at a ball, to receive the honors of a crown-prince, or the gliding of a motor-car, may be one day, crowded ball, is enough to stir up thousands of people to enthusiasm.

There really was some excuse to be made for the Baroness and her daughters. As soon as the secret had leaked out, it may easily be imagined that there was a great deal of excitement in the castle, and the expected delights of this grand entertainment—that is to say, except in the presence of the Baron, doubtless he was quite sure of this—that they are a great deal too wise and too honorable to tell other folks' secrets.

But in Ella's presence so much reserve was shown, and the probable result of the ball were freely discussed by the two sisters.

"I shall so doubt meet that dear Count Top-of-the-Dre," said Sophia Matilda, clasping her hands together in ecstasy. "He cannot fail to admire me in my yellow gown."

"How I should like to go!" said Ella, one day, when they were talking in this way. "You?" laughed both the sisters. "That is a pretty notion. If you want to do you think the Prince would be likely to look at you, eh?"

"No," said Ella, blushing furiously. "I should never have thought of such a thing. But I should like to have just a peep at the beautiful rooms, and the gay dresses, and the dancing—and oh! how I should like to dance myself—just once, just once!"

"I should look smart if I had five clothes like you, and sat at dainty wood-work all day, sister Jimma!"

"No, you wouldn't; not for two minutes together," returned that young lady. "And so you want to be running after the Prince, do you? Perhaps you think he'll fall in love with you, and marry you, eh?"

"I'm serious, almost—though you do make me wear my frocks so short," said poor Ella.

"Such a grub as you are, never fit to be seen!" said Jimma Anne. "I should look smart if I had five clothes like you, and sat at dainty wood-work all day, sister Jimma!"

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

(This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 36, March numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

The decided statement of the detective excited a wave of astonishment in the room. Several came to their feet, and Mr. Benton—who at that moment entered, and walked with a weak, unsteady step to a chair—cried in surprise:

"What evidence do you base such an opinion on, Mr. Browning is a gentleman, and one of the highest probity."

"And all here are his friends," said the officer, in an apologetic manner. "I am sorry to have spoken so freely, but duty stands with me before even my desire not to wound your feelings."

"I have heard nothing but a charge," said the lady. "A charge is nothing till proven. What are your proofs?"

"We need not repeat the evidence concerning the quarrel," said the lawyer.

"It is admitted that there was a quarrel, and that both parties were violent. Next an insulting letter comes from the operator to Mr. Browning. This, it now appears, was a closely-shut carriage, and the deadly pistol was in the pocket of the operator."

"As to who wrote that letter I venture to say that Mr. Browning best knows," said the lawyer. "That there was a third party I am satisfied. This deepens the plot, but it does not clear your friend of the dark suspicion that hangs over him. He leaves home doubly armed to meet a person who never carried weapons. This is a natural shrinkage from violence, and a strong dread of weapons. Was not that your testimony, boy?"

"No, I didn't say that," the lad earnestly replied; "I only said he was more likely to carry a pistol than a rat is about a trap."

"That is the same thing," said Mr. Fogg, with a decisive wave of his hand. "Well, we come now to the ground. The amount of blood spilled is more than any man could lose and live. Murder has been committed. The man I accuse drew his pistol. It was wrested from him and thrown into the swamp. I defy any man, without a distortion of circumstances, to give a reasonable theory. He next used his heavy, loaded cane, with what effect I need not say."

"I repeat that this is all bare assertion," cried Mr. Benton, with much indignation. "If such a blow was made, the cane must bear some trace of it," said the officer. "A man's skin cannot be fractured without marking the instrument. Here is the weapon. I ask you all to examine it with this pocket microscope, and decide if the facts do not bear me out."

The case was passed round from hand to hand, and closely examined. They all acknowledged, with much display of feeling and surprise, that an indentation was plainly visible.

But not sufficient to substantiate your charge," said Mr. Benton. "Quite deep, enough, sir," replied the officer, mildly. "I am used to examining such marks, and know what a loaded case can do. I am not done yet. What is your theory concerning the use of the boat?"

"For my part I decline to present any theory," said Mr. Wallington Smith. "I much prefer to hear yours."

"No matter, sir; no matter. No better time than the present," said the officer, impatiently. "I need, Mr. Sedley. We are anxious to hear your story," said the lawyer.

Mr. Benton turned uneasily in his chair, and fixed his eyes upon the new witness.

"In the night in question," he said, "I was detained at my office until twelve o'clock. The midnight hour struck as I closed my door and went to the newspaper office with a press despatch that had just come over the wires. On returning I was crossing the street towards my residence, when a carriage turned the corner near me so suddenly that I had to leap out of the way of the horses. It was driven furiously. There was a street lamp burning at this corner, and its light shone into the carriage as it passed. I naturally glanced in, and saw, to my great astonishment, the face of a man whom I well knew, one other than my fellow operator, George Downey."

A decided stir took place among the listeners to this announcement. Mr. Benton half rose from his chair and fixed his eyes, as if fascinated, upon the speaker.

"Are you sure of this?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Yes, I knew him well," was the answer. "What was his appearance?" asked the officer.

"He was stretched out in the carriage, his head resting upon the cushions. I was so impressed with his extreme pallor of his face. He may, as Mr. Fogg thinks, have been indeed dead, but it did not strike me so."

"Do you notice any movement of his features?" asked the lawyer.

"No. They passed too quickly. I think his eyes were open. I only know that I was so impressed with his extreme pallor, but did not imagine that it was the hue of death."

"Whereas there nobody else in the carriage?" cried the boy, who had been too intensely excited by this relation to longer keep silence.

"Yes, there were two men. But I did not see their faces."

"What were their attitudes?" asked Mr. Brown.

"One of them seemed to have his arm around Mr. Downey's neck. The other was sitting close by him. I saw nothing peculiar that might aid your memory."

point where the boat landed he more determinedly looked for, I doubt not he may gain some important clue."

"If the carriage in question left the road and approached the water, the track of its wheels may remain yet in the soft ground," said Lawyer Brown. "These tracks should be closely sought for."

A light broke into the detective's eyes at these words, but he took no prominent part in the discussion that ensued.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DETECTIVE'S EVIDENCE.

Joseph Sedley, the operator at Melton, left the lawyer's office and proceeded leisurely down the street. He had left a substitute at his instrument and was in no haste to return.

The station at Dover had been supplied with a new operator since the disappearance of Downey. This person was a stranger to Mr. Sedley. He had obtained the position principally through the influence of Mr. Harvey, who, though this fact was not generally known, had been the Melton operator, however, dropped in to see him, and, with the friendly courtesy of the profession, soon struck up an acquaintance.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a person with a message to him, and he hurried away, but not before he had picked up a letter from the orthodont fashion, by the powers of steam and muscle," said Sedley, under that cognomen.

"My original title, John Milton Loveless," said the man, "is your first appearance on the stage of the world, the place decided upon at the meeting were being actively put into operation. Detective Fogg, accompanied by two or three of the members of the meeting who were at leisure, proceeded down the stream towards the spot at which the boat had been found."

The messenger boy, or, to call him by his more distinctive title, the fish hawk, was already at work upon another point. He had been strongly impressed with the idea that the real weapon with which the crime had been committed was not yet found. Why might it not have been thrown into the creek?

There was but one way to find out, and he pressed a dozen urbane into his service to aid him in this search. The air had the balmy warmth of June, the water was tempered to summer mildness, and the whole affair was far more of a frolic than a serious matter to any of the boys but Tim.

They were soon paddling in the water, dressed in Nature's livery, diving and groping on the bottom for the possible instrument of death. The fish hawk, who would leave them and, follow the detective and his party. They drove down the Melton road until about three miles below Dover. Here, hearing the vehicle, they proceeded toward the creek. It was here somewhat wider than at Dover, and ran eastward straight and deep. The banks were high and rounded were principally of level meadow land. Here and there were large

trees, and an occasional grove, or clump of bushes, diversified the scene. It was some distance below here that the boat was found, and they proceeded leisurely down the stream, closely examining every indication as they did so, and particularly looking for any faint track of wheels in the grass and soft soil of the meadows.

Their search, however, seemed likely to prove fruitless. Spreading out into an extended line, so that they covered the space between the road and the creek, they walked slowly onward, their eyes fixed on the ground, examining every indentation in the soil with the keenest attention.

They now came to a stretch of lower lands, where the fields had been ditched, till they were covered with a network of muddy water-courses.

It was very evident that no carriage had passed over that ground. They gathered into a knot here, and entered into an earnest conversation upon the probabilities.

There was a countryman who had been occupied at ditching close by, and who now leaned upon a stake, regarding with curious eyes the strange actions of the gentlemen.

"They were near enough for him to gather some words of their conversation, which he took in with an awkward eagerness that attracted the attention of the detective."

"Well, my good fellow," said the latter, in a patronizing tone, "you have a heavy job here."

"Yes, a bit heavy," answered the rustic, in a country patois.

"I suppose you are out late and early."

"From sun to sun, which is a big day's work this time of year."

"I see you've made some deep cuts across the fields. It would not be easy to run a carriage down that road, eh?"

"Well, it's not so easy," answered the ditcher, with a hoarse laugh, "as I feared the hind wheels might stick. You haven't an idea, now, that a kerriage has been down this way?"

"Why do you ask?" flared you soon any?" the detective innocently answered. "No? I rather guess not. What for would any man bring a kerriage to the water-course?"

"I don't say any man has. But nobody knows what powers might be up to," and Detective Fogg turned away, as he went to talk to his companions, who were standing at some distance.

"There aren't many night prowlers around here," said the ditcher, leaning heavily upon his spade, and inclined to keep up the conversation with the quiet people, that keep good hours. We do a hard day's work, and have a long night's sleep. I haven't been awake all night for a month, except 'tween night, which you put me in mind of by talking about a kerriage."

"How was that?" asked the detective, partly turning toward the speaker.

"I got a start about the middle of the night from some noise outside. I turned over so that I could look into the road, and there stood a kerriage drawn up by the bushes. There were two men in it, but I need some queer kind of stir about it, two or three men kind of bustling like. It was pretty dark, and I couldn't make it out clear."

"Were the men lifting something into the carriage, or was there a struggle going on?" asked one of the others, who had overheard these remarks.

"I couldn't say sure. There was a sharp stir, and something like a groan. It was just about over when I looked up, and the next minute the men jumped into the kerriage and drove off."

"What night was this?"

"I can't say just. About a week back, I reckon."

By this time the whole party were gathered around listening intently to his words.

"Where do you live?" asked the officer, curiously, looking at the other as he hinted not make their interest too apparent.

"In the frame shanty you see just up the road there."

"And the kerriage stood in the road above it?"

"Just so. What's up? Anything wrong? I heard talk about some trouble up at Dover."

As the spring advanced it became evident to Ella that the house was in an

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

the boy has the right spirit, and Mr. Benton. "If the spot of the murder be searched in that spirit, and the

They watched the ditcher with anxious gaze, as he proceeded to the edge of the creek. Arrived there, he stood erect and looked back toward the road, apparently considering the probable direction that a party would take to reach the location of the kerriage. He next looked out upon the water, and up and down the banks, studying their details closely.



Saturday Evening, March 4, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, editors, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—J. H. Davenport, Manager.
Pittsburgh—J. H. Davenport, Manager.
Boston—J. H. Davenport, Manager.
New York—J. H. Davenport, Manager.
London—J. H. Davenport, Manager.
San Francisco—J. H. Davenport, Manager.
St. Louis—J. H. Davenport, Manager.
Philadelphia—J. H. Davenport, Manager.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Our readers will see, by referring to our Prospectus on this page, that we have reduced the price of the Post to \$2.00.

We have been contemplating taking this step for some time, but our arrangements were not completed until this week. We now, we are glad to say, attained our long-cherished aim. We can afford this reduction, better than before, and we are glad, too, that it has happened in the beginning of this, the Centennial year. We want everyone to have the Post this year, if they want it, as being the only Family and Literary Paper published in Philadelphia. It will be naturally expected to give the fullest information on the one theme which, above all others, will engross the thoughts and the minds of every American.

By reducing the subscription price, we can increase our circulation more rapidly and more easily than in any other way.

We think we may reasonably cherish this anticipation, in view of the fact that every one of the thousands of readers of the Post has its income at heart, and is constantly seeking an expansion of their appreciation in such terms as these: "I could not live without it." "We could not keep house without the dear old Post, which has been taken in the family for the last thirty-five years," etc., etc.

We have one favor to ask of our many friends and readers. We know and feel assured that they have lost no opportunity to say a good word for the Post, and that they have secured for us many new readers, at much personal trouble and inconvenience. Now, in view of the present reduction in the price, we would ask everyone who reads this to show it to some one else, at least, who has not seen it, and in this way extend the circle to whom the news of the reduction may not otherwise reach.

In these days, when economy is the order of the day, and is even carried into operation in the minutest and subscription to the various papers taken by a family, we think that a moment's reflection would show that the Post is a marvel of cheapness. Take, for instance, a story by Mrs. Henry Wood. In book form, her stories are published and bought up eagerly—at a dollar a copy. No doubt they are worth it; and yet we are giving one of the very best she ever wrote, merely as one feature of the Post.

In one year, we give our readers at least twenty to twenty-five serials, which, were they published in book form, would readily sell at \$1.00 apiece. At the very lowest estimation to fiction alone, simply counting our serials, our readers get in one year, what would cost them, in book form, at least fifteen dollars. And this is not taking into consideration all the many useful and instructive departments, such as the Household, Centennial Items, Receipts, Postscripts, Scientific Items, Personalities, and Correspondence Columns. And all this can be had now, at the exceedingly cheap price of \$2.00.

At this price, of course, we shall not be able to give away a chronicle to every subscriber, for we have put the price down to about the cost of the paper alone; but we will mail, carefully put up and at our risk, to all such subscribers who want the chronicle, a copy of "Do Right," post-paid, for twenty-five cents, or a copy of the same, elegantly mounted on covers, post-paid, for fifty cents. This offer, of course, is only to regular yearly subscribers.

At the request of most of our oldest and best agents, we have postponed the Great Premium until May 1, 1876. We have extended the time as above, because these agents say they can double their lists at the reduced rate of \$2.00, with out the slightest difficulty. The winter has, as we all know, been so hard and so disagreeable that the agents have been able to do but little, and they assure us they are certain they can do more by the close of the year and the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, than they have done all winter.

As some of our subscribers who have paid \$2.00 for the Post may feel inclined to grumble at this heavy reduction, we make them the following liberal offer: All subscribers who have paid in the full and regular price, and not sent in through clubs, may send in the name of one new subscriber at \$1.00 for an entire year's subscription to the Post with chronicle, \$1.25; or with chronicle mounted, \$1.50.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCIES A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In speaking of the comparative comfort and conveniences enjoyed by our ancestors in their homes of a hundred years ago with those of their descendants in the present, Dr. Nichols, in the Boston Journal of Commerce, says our Fathers were groping in almost utter darkness, so far as a knowledge of the science of domestic comfort, and but little progress had been made in invention and the arts, scarcely one of the modern contrivances for cooking and for warming and lighting dwellings, was known. Not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron frame fire place, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled upon the brick hearth, or in the brick oven. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long evenings, and candles, made of the purest tallow, were used for the place of lamps and gas.

The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweeps," and the water was so cold that the well was often at a great distance from the house. In cold night in winter, to be called to it was something dreadful to think of. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we know, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no iron stoves in the early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire went out on the hearth over night, and the timber was damp, so that the sparks would not "catch," the alternative consisted of wading through the snow a mile or so, to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in a house was warmed, and some of the family were in it at the root of the temperature was at zero during many nights in winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago, therefore, and retired to their beds at night in an atmosphere colder than that of our modern houses and woodlands, and they were not even warmed by the hot hearth, as the modern steam pipe tempered the wintery air in their dwellings, and they slept soundly in the cold, even after eating dishes of spaghetti or buttered, and then, these modern dwellers with a quilt or two of hard cloth. The cooking was very simple, and the nature of the food plain and substantial. But few dishes were seen upon the table, pork and cabbage, corn bread and milk, with "bean porridge," were the every day forms of food consumed.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway of others, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand is an encouraging word, it is to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How nothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder and to hear a kind voice whisper, "Do not feel discouraged. I am your friend—let me help you." What a strength is inspired, what hope created, and what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dawn beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet water, and He, whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

A PERFECT MOTHER.

The art of entertaining company successfully is well worth cultivating, and should engross much of the attention of our ladies. The pleasure of society depends more upon females than others. Gentlemen expect to be entertained, children are out of the question, and, therefore, it rests upon women what society should be. The pleasure of an evening's entertainment, therefore, is graduated by the capacity of the hostess to interest her visitors in each other, and make them forget their own identity, or to be lost in the effort to make every one at ease. That is the great secret of true enjoyment.

Some ladies will enter a drawing room at a social circle, where every person's neighbor appears like an iceberg, and the atmosphere is chilly and constrained, and by their genial nature and well-timed playfulness, throw sunshine and warmth all over the room, till all company is in that easy yet dignified cordiality that every characteristic true gentility.

As a lady aptly expressed it, the hostess is the key-note, and upon her depends the success of sweet society and their sweetest melody.

Your truly elegant woman is naturally an excellent hostess, and contrives to surround her guests with her own "atmosphere."

How is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart, it is a place for the affections to unfold and for themselves, for children to play in, for husband and wife to find amity, to gather and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home, if we are not happy elsewhere, it is the best proof of the fitness of a family circle to be a happy fire-side.

Every one who takes an interest in the Centennial needs a newspaper published in the Centennial year. To all such we recommend the SATURDAY EVENING POST. It has a host of splendid contributors, and gives splendid premiums. Send for a copy, Quincy, Florida, Jan. 14, 1876.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE! THE CHEAPEST! THE OLDEST AND THE BEST!

OUR PROSPECTUS FOR 1876.

This, the Centennial Year of our National Independence, will see the Post enter upon the Fifty-sixth Year of its existence as a Family Paper. The Post has ever enjoyed the sectional and unwholesome class of literature, preferring rather to approve itself the Family Paper, for centuries of the refined and cultivated, than to pander to the depraved and vitiated. It may be welcomed to every home circle with the certainty that its pages will never contain anything that the parent and the most refined imagination could by any possibility cavil at, so that parents would desire to keep from the attention of their children.

Our copy of contributions has never been stronger nor ever contained the names of so many popular and distinguished authors as at present. There is to four continued stories will be published constantly, a new story commencing about every third or fourth week, so that new readers can always get the beginning of a story of the newswriters or of our back numbers can always be had, containing the commencement of every story.

A NEW STORY by Mrs. PHENIX INGRAM, author of "The Boy Wrecker."
A NEW CENTENNIAL STORY by CHAS. MORTON, Esq.
A NEW STORY by H. HANNA, author of "One Life's Mystery."
A NEW STORY by Miss M. E. HANNA, author of "Lady Audley's Secret."
ANOTHER NEW STORY by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," and others which we shall announce from time to time.

In addition to these serials, which will be all First-Class, the parent and the most unexceptionable in every way, we shall publish Serials, Sketches, Essays, Poems, etc., written by some well-known and favorite writers as:

WILLIAM A. BENDIS, MARGERY LAIRD, MISS A. H. WHEATON, OLIVE DELL, WASHINGTON BAKER, ANNA MORRIS, AUBREY FURBER, CHARLES MANSFIELD, Esq., and others which we shall announce from time to time.

Each number of the Post is filled with the choicest literature, including—Fiction, Poetry, Scientific Notes, Receipts, Essays, Agricultural Items, Children's Department, and others which we shall announce from time to time.

OUR CENTENNIAL DEPARTMENT. DIE NOTO: Or the Discovery of the Mississippi.

To this, during the present year, we are devoting our utmost energies to make it one of the greatest interest and information to all our readers. Through the courtesy of the different Official Departments of the Centennial Commission we are enabled to give each week the most reliable and the very latest items of interest connected with this all-absorbing topic of the time. As soon as the Centennial Exhibition shall have opened, we shall give each week the fullest details, and we assure that such will be eagerly read by thousands who will be glad to preserve, in a condensed and readable form, an epitome of the grandest World's Fair that will ever have taken place. No pains and no expense will be spared by us to make this Department most attractive and interesting feature of the Post. Illustrations of all the principal buildings and of other notable localities which from their historical interest deserve to be not only more prominently but given.



This is the largest chronicle ever given by a paper, being 19 by 25 inches. For richness of color and for artistic finish, a far surpasses any chronicle in the market. This magnificent picture, copied by SPECIAL permission of the Government from the celebrated painting in the dome of the National Capitol at Washington, has been made solely and expressly for subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. No one can possibly get it except they subscribe to this paper.

TERMS POSTAGE FREE. One Year, \$2.00; Six Months, \$1.00; Three Months, \$0.50. With chronicle, all post paid, mounted, all post paid, 2.50.

SPECIAL CLUB RATES. Four Copies One Year, \$7.00; Six Copies One Year, \$10.00; Ten Copies One Year, \$15.00; Twenty Copies One Year, \$25.00. An extra Copy free to any one getting up a Club of Ten or Twenty at the above rates.

Good Agents Wanted. In all sections of the United States, to whom liberal commissions will be paid in addition to our

Twenty Gold Premiums. of from \$5 up to \$100 for the Twenty Largest Lists sent in before May 1st, 1876.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST being the only Family, Literary and Fashion Paper published in the Centennial year, agents have no trouble in getting hand-drawn subscribers in every town and country. Agents are now making \$500 per week. We give exclusive territory. Samples and circulars free to agents. Address distinctly, and make Money Orders, Drafts or Checks payable to REED, WICHERSHAM & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh or Boston. Subscriptions can begin at any time and at any rate.

LOVE VERSUS GOLD.

Windows hung with soft draperies of Turkey red, walls of crimson flock paper, started over with gold, and a little walnut stand of books—Mrs. Milford's parlor was a cabinet gem in its way. Not that the Milfords were rich. On the contrary, Mrs. Milford was a bank clerk, on a salary so small that it sometimes became an almost insupportable problem to make both ends meet.

Alas, we say, but never quite, for Lucy Milford had learned the lesson of household economy, and it was her pride to be able to say that they never had been in debt. Yet Lucy had a woman's taste, and a woman's cravings, and a woman's innocent longing after the beautiful and costly, and on this special evening, as she sat in an easy chair, leaning one cheek on her hand, and her foot mechanically agitating the rocker of the baby's cradle, she was thinking of the possible—the unattainable.

"If we were only rich," she thought Lucy to herself, as she glanced across the room. "How I would like a pair of bronzes on yonder mantel instead of this ugly stuff! I would like that Austriatic vase for a wedding present! How I would like a Persian-patterned carpet, instead of this staring red and green ingrain!"

Hang round the front door. "It's Merton," said Mrs. Milford, getting up; and Merton it was. "Hello, puss," said Merton, coming in flushed and breathless. "And how's the little kitten?"

"Kitty is well," said Mrs. Milford. "Shall I order supper?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Milford, looking at her husband in the face.

Merton said, "something has happened. I can read it in your eyes. What is it?"

He burst into a laugh. "What a little fortune-teller you are, to be sure! Yes, something has happened. I've got a telegram from Fortley, and old Uncle Jesse is dying."

"Uncle Jesse, the rich old miser?"

"Uncle Jesse, the rich old miser," said Merton, looking at his last will. "Wirt telegraphed me that his last will, made in a fit of pique against the directors of the Fortley orphan asylum, leaves everything to us."

"To us, Merton?" Lucy drew her breath with a little gasping sound. "Why, it must be half a million of dollars!"

"That at least. We shall be rich people, puss."

"Oh, Merton, it scarcely seems possible. It's like a dream."

"It is a dream, that, has a pretty old vein of reality running through it, you'll find, my dear," said her husband.

"And just before you came in I was sitting alone, and thinking what I would do, and how I could ornament my home if only we were rich," cried Lucy, clasping her hands.

"A million, Lucy," said he. "You shall have a set of diamonds that rival those of Mrs. Merrill, and a real cashmere shawl. And I'll order a pony phaeton for your own driving, and—"

"But we shall be a country place, shall we, Merton?" wistfully asked Lucy.

"A country place?" said Merton. "Nonsense, my dear. The city is the place to live in."

"And we can have papa and mamma to live with us, can't we?"

"Well, I don't exactly know about that," said Merton, thoughtfully, stroking his mustache. "I'll buy them a snug little place, if you say so, my love, but I never did believe in fathers and mothers in law living with their children. Every household is complete in itself. That's my notion."

"Oh, Merton, how can you talk so!" cried Lucy, with a pained face.

"Oh, well, Lucy, there's no use in sentimentalizing on these points," said her husband, shaking his head.

"I've always thought so much of having mamma with me."

"Better leave off thinking about it then," said Merton, lighting a cigar and leaning back in his chair, the better to enjoy it.

"I suppose I can have as many servants as I please now," gasped Mrs. Milford, wistfully staring at the conventional butler away from the shade of a dispute.

"Twenty, if you like, my dear," replied Merton.

"And a housekeeper like Mrs. Miller's?"

"Not a housekeeper," said Mr. Milford. "As many servants as are necessary, but no one to dominate over them, a proxy for yourself."

"Am I to have nothing at all to say?" cried Lucy.

"Oh, yes, but there's no use in being unreasonable."

"And can we have a cottage at Long Branch?"

"Why do you say Long Branch?" gravely questioned Merton. "To my mind Cape May is far preferable."

"I don't care for Cape May," replied Lucy, moodily. "The air never did agree with me."

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

A HARPISPA from Naples says that a large quantity of coral and other goods will be sent from that city to the Centennial Exhibition. Worth, the famous man-made of Paris, declines to exhibit. He says that distinguished ladies who attend the exhibition will represent his house.

The London firm who have the restaurants on the line of all railways in England will have at the Centennial a genuine London bar in operation, with a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

The statement that the Great Eastern is being exhibited in run between Liverpool and Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

A native manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and stone on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square fountain on each corner of the building, and an ornamental one rising from the center to a height of thirty-one feet.

It is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day, with a temporary for the accommodation of visitors, and a host of profit-able barmaids in attendance.

PERSONALITIES. CORRESPONDENCE.

PERSONALITIES. CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

CIENTIFIC NO. 8.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

He was killed while under arrest. The police said it happened in the "backyard" of a house in the village of Kumbhari, 10 km from the town of Kumbhari. The police said the man was killed while he was being taken to the police station. The police said the man was killed while he was being taken to the police station. The police said the man was killed while he was being taken to the police station.